The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

VOL. VII.—NO. 8. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1871. WHOLE NO. 164.

The Poet's Corner.

GWENDOLEN.

Sir Bedivere, well hast thou fought,
And boldly barbed thy steed of snow,
And many a deed of valor wrought,
And well canst gold and rest forego.

Sir Bedivere, men call the true;
Thou keepest oaths and faith, I ween—
How hast thou kept thy troth? I know
No oath can stand our souls between.

I was a weak and timid girl;
I was not skilled in courtly wile,
I won no crown of orient pearl,
My only crown—my maiden smile.

Full many an oath and promise went
Between us in those days of love;
I did not know, then, what they meant;
I knew not men could faithless prove

To women, and yet keep their troth,
Oaths are not oaths when sworn to girls,
I lose the brightness of my youth,
And threads of silver mar my curls.

Thine oaths to men thou keepest well,
None will thy nobleness accuse,
The fault was mine, I had no spell
Such as the courtly ladies use.

Farewell for aye, Sir Bedivere,
Fight boldly still, and keep thy word;
With the white pennon at thy spear,
And thy strong arm and knightly sword

Boldly among thy fellow men
Lift up thy forehead to the sky,
And think no more of Gwendolen,
Alone I live, alone can die.

MARY AYRAULT CRAIG.

DEATHLESS FLOWERS.

I tell you God is good, as well as just,
And some few flowers in every heart are sown,
Their black and crumpled leaves show but as dust,
Sometimes in the hard soil—sometimes o'ergrown
With wild, unfriendly weeds they hidden lie
From the warm sunshine, but they do not die.

Pressed from a natural quickening by the might
Of sin, or circumstance, through the evil days,
They find their way at last into the light,
Weakly and pale, giving their little praise
Of modest beauty, and with grace most sweet
Making the garden of the Lord complete.

ALICE CAREY.

The sweetest songs are those
That few men ever hear,
And no men ever sing;

The clearest skies are those
That farthest off appear
To birds of strongest wing;

The dearest loves are those
That no man can come near
With his best following.

JEAN INGELOW.

Our Special Contributors.

SISTER IRENE AND THE LITTLE FOUNDLINGS.

BY HELEN HOWARD.

It was not the regular visiting day, but my plea of want of time admitted me to the pretty parlor of the institution. It is nicely furnished and adorned with books and pictures, which impart a home air unusual to such places. I noticed a beautiful madonna with wing pieces upon the wall, and on a little table between the windows one of Rogers' familiar groups.

I had not been seated very long when a sister came in—a small woman, dressed in the garb of her order with an odd little black cambric cap fitting the head, but not wholly concealing the soft hair, and casting no shade upon the pleasant face.

"Is this Sister Irene?" I inquired, feeling sure it was; and the affirmative answer came with a bright smile and a direct look into my eyes that won confidence instantly. I was not surprised a bit when afterwards I saw the babies all over the establishment reach out their dimpled arms, and babble to be taken by this loving, motherly woman.

"I never knew I liked babies before I opened this asylum," said Sister Irene to me, when we began talking; "but their helplessness so appeals to me now that my heart goes out to the little creatures."

"Motherly" is the one word that describes Sister Irene, and I felt sure, nevertheless, that down deep in her nature the maternal instinct had always been alive and yearning for something to feed on, else how had the thought of making a home for the unwelcome infants, which otherwise, in so many cases, would have perished, awoke in her heart, and been carried out to complete success, under circumstances the most discouraging?

"Our prosperity seems like a miracle," said the good sister with an expression of artless piety. "When we opened our place at 17 East Twelfth street, sixteen months ago, we were utterly destitute of friends, and scarcely knew where our next meal was coming from. The house was bare of furniture. We look very grand here now," said she, smiling round at the pretty comfortable things in the parlor; "but all these were donations," and she mentioned the names of kind-hearted, wealthy ladies, both Catholics and Protestants, who had out of their abundance contributed carpets and chairs, sofas and ornaments.

"I understand," said I, "that the very first night before you were at all prepared to receive the little waifs, and almost before your design had been whispered abroad, the babies began to arrive."

She told me it was true. The first night seven infants were brought and dropped at the door of the bare, unfinished house, in the state of utter confusion, incident upon getting settled. The scenes which the good sisters passed through during those hours of darkness were both pathetic and ludicrous. In their efforts to hush the screams of the hungry infants, they walked the floor, and impatiently waited for daylight to come to their relief.

"Of late," said Sister Irene, in answer to my question, "the number of infants dropped in the basket has been smaller than previously. Last summer, during the extreme heat of the weather, as many as twelve babies a day were received into the loving arms of the asylum. Often the guilty or unfortunate mother steals in the dead of night with a bundle in her arms, which she stealthily deposits in the basket waiting to receive it, rings the night-bell, and then glides away into the shadow of the porch to watch for the night attendant as she opens the door and takes the little abandoned creature in."

It sometimes happens that fine carriages drive to the house in the dead and silent hours, and an infant wrapped in embroidered flannel and fine lawn is left at the door, while those who brought it roll back perhaps to Fifth Avenue or Murray Hill to resume their places in the best society. Probably no house in New York has so many dark and secret threads of life history, converging and forming a focus within its walls, as Sister Irene's Foundling Hospital.

Since the opening of the institution sixteen hundred infants have been received within its walls. It is stated that our police records show during this period about one-half as many cases of infanticide as previously stained its pages in the same length of time. Perhaps the worst form of murder has received a check through this beneficent means that never could have been reached in any other manner, and which ought to silence forever all the carping objections that have been raised against this peculiar form or charity.

"We benefit three distinct classes of people," said Sister Irene, as our conversation continued. "In the first place, the little infants, many of them would not be permitted to live but for this house. We have had them brought to us as they were taken out of vaults and half killed in other ways; others were almost murdered before they came into life. They bear the frightful marks of the Thug doctors' black arts, and can only have their few remaining days of life made a little easier in the clean little cots of the hospital, and under the tender handling of nurses. One instinctively questions the charity that protracts such anguish. But the hopeless and hopeful must all be received together, and no feature of the place is so touching as the sympathy these good sisters express for the bad cases.

In many instances, where the mother is unfortunate, but not vicious, she is received into

the institution along with her child, and permitted to nurse another with her own. A large number of poor married women are taken in in the same manner, and the secret is so well preserved that no one can point out the children born in wedlock from the other class. In this way self-respect is preserved, and the path to a better life made easy. The clothing and all articles likely to give a clue to the parentage of the child are carefully preserved. In a limited number of cases, infants are, after a season, returned. They come and go, and the utmost secresy is observed. I looked at sister Irene's calm, smiling face, and thought with profound reverence of the battery of mysteries tucked under that little shurred cap. The glimpses of the very darkest side of human nature, sin, shame, unmitigated guilt, human passion running riot in the ditch, unnatural hardness of heart that turns the mother's milk to gall, all must be daily and hourly familiar to her, and yet they bring no virtuous homily from her lips, or austere maxims for the wrong doers, only breathings of profound pity.

About one hundred infants can be accommodated in the asylum at present. As the new comers are received, others have to be sent out to the care of wet nurses, who are poor women employed at good pay, and who come directly under the supervision of the sisters. At the present time, some three hundred infants are placed with these nurses.

As is well known, a large hospital in the neighborhood of Central Park has been projected, and the site donated. The city offered to give one hundred thousand dollars towards its erection if the other hundred thousand could be raised by private enterprise. An immense fair for this purpose was held at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory in Fourteenth street early in the season. Mrs. Connolly, the indefatigable manager, with the assistance of a large number of ladies, both Protestant and Catholic, realized ninety thousand dollars from this grand effort. Donations and voluntary gifts have now reduced the remaining sum to eight thousand dollars. This amount must be raised before a spade is struck for the new building. I devoutly wish some of our city nabobs, who drive four-in-hand on the avenue, and squander their thousands monthly in senseless ostentation, would be moved to draw a check for this amount, and send it as a free will offering to good Sister Irene. The grand dames of fashion, who sport their diamonds worth half a hundred thousand, might, one would think, give a jewel of price to help this noble work forward.

I beg all good women, with mother-love strong within them, to go as I did, and walk through the different rooms of the hospital with little white cots, exquisitely clean, filled with infants, some not a week old, showing tiny black heads and wizened, puckered, crimson faces, others chubby and fat, regular roly-poly's, tumbled upon the floor, or tied into little chairs. It is the immense heart of Babydom to which you are introduced. The babies are all as sweet as rosebuds externally, and, for the most part, look wonderfully healthy and vigorous. Barnum would find excellent material here for a gigantic show. Sister Irene is very proud of her family, and well she may be, for they bear marks of admirable care, and she told me that the ordinary diseases of infancy are almost unknown among them.

After the kind directress left me I was given over to the guidance of another sister, younger and possessed of an exquisite face that cannot readily be forgotten. Her soft rosy skin bears no mark of ascetic vigils and fasts; her eyes are of the purest and most liquid brown, full of light and peace, teeth of perfect whiteness give her a rare smile, and crowning all is a gentle gaiety and sweet, playful naturalness that imparts a peculiar, winsome charm, to her manners; the religieuse has not usurped the place of the woman. She wears her piety like a crown and ornament. As we passed from room to room, the babes' eyes were all turned to catch her notice; little, weak arms, were stretched out to be taken; the sick, wan pinched faces in the cots puckered into a faint smile at sight of her; the lusty roarer stopped his noise, and with great tears hanging on his cheeks, claimed her attention.

She chirrupped and laughed, and talked baby talk in a way which showed that this accomplishment comes by nature to every normal woman, whether she wear the wife's ring, or the nun's chinband and veil. Many of the little atomies as like as peas in the same pod, she called by name, and spoke of with an intimate acquaintance with all their characteristics. The Christian name and the number of each child is attached to its crib. Fancy or accident dictates these appellations. They range from gay to grave, from lively to severe. Any circumstance, however trivial, often decides the surname. If the child is left on the step, it is fairly liable to be called Stone; if it comes on a Saint's day or holiday, these circumstances decide the vocables by which it shall henceforth be known in the world. The color of the dress also gives suggestions, and Browns, Greens, and Grays, abound.

The infirmary is on the highest floor of the house, and is a most painful place to visit. Here are the malformations, the misshapen limbs, the scrofulous necks, the unnaturally enlarged heads covered with rheum, the utterly hopeless cases; and how thankful I was after seeing them that they are hopeless. Two tiny infants were struggling with convulsions. I shall not soon forget the sight or the reflections which the monstrosity and prevalence of anti-natal crime awoke in my mind.

The house is so crowded with children that the gentle sister opened the door of a small oratory, where there was an image of the Virgin with wax lights burning beside it, and told me that this, with the exception of one other apartment, which is used for a sewing-room during the day, was the only place in the house the sisters can call their own. She made a slight genuflexion, and then flitted away before me in her easy, simple dress, and I almost envied her the complete emancipation from the thraldom of the fickle goddess of fashion which that religious garb ensured.

No one can visit this asylum without being struck with the goodness and devotion of these excellent sisters. The work could not have been entrusted to wiser hands; and I wish every woman in this city, and every stranger who visits the metropolis would pay a visit to No. 4 Washington Place for their own good; nor forget, when they come away, to drop an offering in the little charity box which stands in the hall.

AN APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

BY A MOTHER.

Is there a woman in America whose blood will not boil—aye, surge in the crucible until burned to a white heat, when she reflects upon the vile indignity cast upon womanhood, fallen though it may be, by the infamous bill introduced to the Legislature of New York, by a Mr. Morgan, to legalise and "regulate" prostitution? Not to prevent or eradicate it—oh, no! only to "regulate" it. Mothers, look at the vile thing. Are you ready to quietly submit to be thus represented, by boastful and boasted protectors(?) That any man *dare* insult a legislative body, convened to enact laws for the *good* and *well-being* of society, by asking it to pander to crime, is wonderful to contemplate. It is the strongest argument in favor of the total depravity (of man) that I have met with. Has Mr. Morgan a wife, or a daughter? He must surely have had a mother. Ah, no—I have it—like Topsy, he "growed," and so had no connecting tie with womanhood, or he could not thus seek by law to outrage even fallen women. Has he a son whose brutish propensities (inherited, "the sins of parents, &c.") he wishes to have cultivated and strengthened? His bill will afford *him* ample opportunity to progress in that direction. It grants immunity to crime and offers temptations to beastly license, and it is an acknowledged fact that wherever the plan has been tried, it has proved worse than a failure. If it did not pander to the most debasing and dehumanizing of propensities, look at the onesidedness of such a law. Women of that class, in a majority of cases, either the *victims* of seducers, or led on step by step by misplaced affections, are to bear all the penalties, endure all the outrages, and pay all the costs. Justice and equality even in crime is all we crave. Women *are* represented by men—with a vengeance! Oh God! is there no swift bolt to strike at this great iniquity?

Mothers, awake to the full horrors of such legislation. Is it for this we have reared our noble sons and trained them to virtue and honor? Must such laws be enacted to turn the tide of self-control into the maelstrom of beastly self-indulgence? Let every woman in the land (the modest one thousand excepted) petition, pray, beseige Congress, until the right of suffrage is granted, and we will hurl *such* representatives as this Morgan back to the oblivion from which he and all of his ilk should never have emerged. Represented? Why, think you, had there been one woman a representative in that legislative hall *any man* would have had the unblushing audaucity to have offered such a bill? I tell you no. It is woman only who can purify, elevate, stimulate man to higher and nobler aims; can teach him the self-denying of sensual gratification, the curbing and training of vicious propens ties. No mother would ever help to make laws which would tempt her son down to perdition, or if a daughter, alas! should chance to fall, condemn her to the vilest outrage. It is this ignoring of woman in our government, that has made it the Augean stable which it is. One pure honorable woman would put a thousand such Morgans to shame. Women, we must cease no effort until our presence and our power is felt in the polluted streams of govern-

ment. This is our work, and we must neither weary nor falter until our influence tells in the purification of every channel of social and political life. Hold man to the same rules of chastity and virtue as woman, abate not one iota from her accountability, but make him amenable to the *same* requirements, and man will then be elevated to that scale of being which is his birthright, and woman will be his coequal and co-worker in all that appertains to the good of man and woman.

SOPHIA SMITH.

BY M. W. B.

A friend gave me, a while ago, several copies of THE REVOLUTION, to entertain myself therewith while she was absent from the parlor. The following paragraph was in one of them. I do not remember the date of the number:

Sophia Smith, an unmarried lady of 74, of Hatfield, has deceased, leaving to sundry cousins some $400,000. . . . . She was a lady of fine intellect and great conversational power, but couldn't enjoy much the talk of others on account of deafness. But she had a pretty good time in her fine old mansion, with her one fine old servant, and that is about all any of us can take on the run through life."

As THE REVOLUTION is pledged to the advocacy of "woman's cause," I do the more confidently ask the correction of a statement untrue in itself and unfair to Miss Smith. I have before me a printed copy of "The Last Will and Testament of Miss Sophia Smith, late of Hatfield, Mass., deceased."

After designating bequests and legacies in several sections, in section 5th she bequeaths "all the remainder and residue of my estate 'in trust' to two individuals for two educational institutions, one to be called 'The Smith Academy,' the other 'The Smith College.'"

The sum appropriated for the former is $75,000, $10,000 of which is to be a fund for the educating of indigent young men and women as teachers. The Academy is to be located in Hatfield.

The "Smith College" is "for the higher education of young women," with the design of furnishing for them "means and facilities equal to those which are afforded in our colleges to young men."

Three hundred thousand dollars are appropriated for the "establishment and maintenance of said college." Not more than one-half of this sum shall be invested in buildings and grounds; the other half or more shall be a "permanent fund," the interest of which shall be used for furnishing teachers, library and apparatus, and for the general purposes of the institution.

The education and discipline of the institution are to be pervaded by the spirit of Evangelical Christian religion; no sect is to have the preference. Higher culture is to be given in all the departments of language, literature, mathematics, physical sciences, useful and fine arts, philosophy, and in the sciences and arts which pertain to education, society and government, "and in such other studies as coming time may develop or demand for the education of women."

It is Miss Smith's opinion that "by the higher and more thorough christian education of women what are called their 'wrongs' will be redressed, their wages adjusted, their weight of influence in reforming the evils of society will be greatly increased; as teachers, as writers, as mothers, as members of society, their power for good will be incalculably enlarged."

Thus does she design to "furnish women with the means of usefulness, happiness and honor, now withheld from them."

The college will be located at Northampton, Mass., provided the citizens raise $25,000 in two years, to be added to Miss Smith's bequest; otherwise it will be in Hatfield.

Instead of leaving her great wealth to "sundry cousins," Miss Smith has so bestowed it that thousands of women shall enjoy it for years to come, and it shall be, as she hopes, "a perennial blessing" to the country and the world. "Her own works shall praise her."

BACK AMONG THE DERRICKS.

BY LEWISE.

Leaving Brooklyn just after the "great fall of snow," in passing through New York, I could imagine the delightful time its citizens would have when that depth of snow melted.

Snow is a mockery—a fleeting shadow; or possibly, at first, an angelic visitant in a large city.

It just comes of a night, covering everything with its pure, white mantle, and giving the jaded, weary denizens a glimpse of what winter is in the calm, quiet, peaceful country; but it takes only a day for the speckless garment to be draggled with mud, and its purity ruined by contact with all the "inventions man has sought out." The Court House squares and the parks were gleaming with its brightness when we passed through, and the little evergreens were standing up bravely beneath their burthens, as if holding treasured sweethearts in their arms.

When we sped away among the hills and over the streams, then we could behold how brilliant snow made the country. What a beneficent ordinance of nature it was, coming and staying in its purity and warmth to hide the bare bleak fields, and shelter their tender progeny from the keen blasts.

Coming into the coal and oil region, bristling with derricks (better than bayonets of Prussians or Southrons,) we found this land of mists and fogs just ready for a quiet, weeping shower of rain. There had fallen much less snow than further east, and the weather has been just cold enough and bright enough for February since. Within the two months past John B. Gough and Olive Logan have been here to edify the citizens, and a Sorosis has been formed.

I hear not one word upon the subject of "woman suffrage," or "woman's rights." When a gentleman at the table a day or two since inquired of the host "whether he or his wife were head of the family?" I ventured timidly to suggest that "possibly they were a united head," which remark brought a smile of approval from the hostess, followed by a dubious silence from the host. It seemed to be a new idea to the questioner; for he added that "he supposed one or the other must be head." When I asked him upon what ground—if upon the principle "that husband and wife were one, and that one the husband?" his wife, a bright-eyed little lady, who goes out early these frosty mornings to give music lessons, responded, "yes, she would warrant it was that."

THE REVOLUTION was brought me last evening as we were congregated in the sitting room, and I have no doubt its very name would have been as a nitro-glycerine explosion in our midst. After removing the wrapper, I concluded to enjoy its contents without comment or controversy, first in my own room.

As there had just been an oil fire, badly burning one man; a boiler explosion in the vicinity killing another, and a singular murder upon the bridge at midnight, perpetrated by the ground half of a pair of scissors, (a sort of McFarland affair, it is believed,) I considered that the household had enough of the horrible for a day or two, and I would defer exploding my "bomb" until "a more convenient season."

A friend of mine seeing the *Independent* and REVOLUTION last summer, desired both, but thought she could afford to take only the *Independent*. Now, I am going right down to see if she will not take both upon the terms offered in THE REVOLUTION.

Dashing and dauntless Anna Dickinson, the "Phil Sheridan" of many a campaign, is to be here in April, I understand, with her "Joan of Arc;" but in the meantime I would like to see this "Camp of the Philistines" invaded by some remorseless "raider" who would have the physical and mental ability to put to rout all who would not proclaim fealty to woman suffrage.

Certain am I that this "valley of dry-bones"—dry upon the subject of *human* rights, notwithstanding the oleaginous flow in its midst, needs an awakening.

I did not find the Brooklyn atmosphere and ocean winds a cure for bronchia or headache; but, Oh, didn't I enjoy Beecher's sermons! Out upon the Western prairies they have been my Sunday afternoon reading for years. While the declining sun poured its radiance across the room, and the soft West wind brought in the fragrance of flowers, I have sat in a cozy arm chair and read, and rested, and enjoyed, and as some illustration more striking than another presented itself, have exclaimed "What a Beecher he is." And now I have seen, and heard, and repeated, "*What* a Beecher he is." I had a little message and commission for him, which I regret not being able to deliver. A jolly friend of mine, who has earned and built her a photographic gallery, in a picturesque town among the hills of southern New York, who keeps a horse and buggy, and takes care of them too, driving all over the hills and through the ravines, where I trembled even to ride, sent "her compliments to Mr. Beecher, and if he inquired for her I should give him a dollar." I know her big Methodist heart would so delight in his exhibitions of the love of God that she would be ready with a larger contribution than that.

Burnett's Cologne—best in America.

Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Whitcomb's Asthma remedy—sure cure.

—Miss Alcott's next book is to be on Little Men.

Notes About Women.

—Miss Van Lew has published a post-office manual which is said to be the best in use.

—The latest invention is a woman's rights cooking stove.

—"Going out with the tied"—accompanying the bridal party out of church.

—A good way to expand your chest—carry a big heart in it.

—Of what feminine creature are you remained on the completion of a building? A housemaid.

—Miss Emma Dill wants a clerkship in the Wisconsin Legislature, and, the places being all filled, the members are in a dill-emma.

—One of the forthcoming new lecturers is said to be Miss Morgan, of the *Times*. She recently addressed the Legisiature at Albany.

—The daughters of Queen Victoria are painting pictures for the benefit of the German soldiers.

—An Indianapolis girl doesn't allow the loss of one leg to prevent her dancing the Virginia reel on crutches.

—About the only man or woman not spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel.

—A young lady of Terre Haute is about to write a book on "What I Know About Courting."

—There are six bands of female minstrels in the country.

—It is estimated that thick shoes have improved the health of women twenty-five per cent.

—A recent writer says: "An effeminate man is a cross between root beer and ginger pop with the cork left out."

—A woman in Brooklyn recently attempted suicide because she wished to find a "spot where there are no dishes to wash."

—A female Knights of Pythias order has been started, the highest degree being known as "Supreme Pavillion, Pythian Sis'erhood."

—Miss Vinnie Ream is a sister-in-law of Hon. J. L. Speer, member of the Kansas Legislature from Jefferson county.

– Seven Sisters of Mercy, from New Hampshire, have arrived at Yreka, Cal., to open and conduct a Catholic school.

—Rather late in the day—One Mary Clemens petitions Congress for payment for clothing furnished to Lafayette's soldiers.

—Parepa Rosa will not return to this country until fall, and so will not appear at the May Festival, in Boston, as announced.

—Conservative Miss Muloch says that "A woman has hardly any right in these days to sit still and dream. The life of action is nobler than the life of thought."

—The *Standard* says of Marie Siebach: "She is an intensely 'sweet' actress, and we used the word sweet to designate the perfect melody of perfect power."

—Miss Jane U. Whittlesey has been appointed a clerk in the office of the Topographer, Post Office Department, Washington.

—Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, pays her taxes this year, accompanied with her annual message protesting against taxation without suffrage.

—The ladies of San Francisco have organized a gigantic Bazar in aid of woman's rights.

—A Brooklyn girl has received the acknowledgments of the King and Queen of Prussia for her services at the hospitals in Berlin.

—Miss Kellogg admires the Titusville (Pa.) Opera House. She says, in a card, that she has "never yet seen a more perfect building of the kind."

—Invitations to mush-and-milk suppers are accepted with much pleasure in Toledo. Their purpose is to promote Sunday-school libraries. Precisely how, it is not explained.

—A young lady in Terre Haute, Ind., recently swapped her engagement ring for a new bonnet.

—Women are beginning to get their rights in the newspapers. Full one half the items and short paragraphs are taken up with their affairs.

—Any "unmarried preacher" desiring an engagement in Leavenworth, Kansas, is requested by an advertisement from that city to "address Sister Kate Hanson."

—Alarming symptoms of suffrage fever. Little girl: "There, dolly, you must lie still and sleep all day, cause I've got to go and vote.

—We have received Mrs. Francis D. Minor's memorial to the Legislature of Missouri, praying for woman suffrage. It is an able document presenting many strong points admirably argued out.

—We wish particularly to call our readers' attention to the admirable article called "Problems for Ten Thousand Women," by Mr. Spencer, which has been already published in tract form, and ought to be scattered broadcast throughout the land.

—Mrs. Sterns, who recently died near Augusta, Ga., was the eldest daughter of the late Jerome Ripley, of Greenfield, and a sister of George Ripley, literary editor of the New York *Tribune*.

—A raptured writer inquires: "What is there under the Heaven more humanizing, or, if we may use the term, more angelizing, than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" "Two black eyes," is the ready answer.

—Minnie Hauck, the talented and timid American songstress, who fluttered and failed at the Grand Opera House in New York, some time ago, has developed rapidly in Europe, and is now a favorite in Vienna.

—"Parliament has voted a dowry of thirty-thousand pounds to the Princess Louise, and the British public is grumbling over this piece of needless extravagance." It were a pity for the Princess to be penniless as well as love-*Lorne*.

—There is a woman at Poughkeepsie who calls herself Mrs. Sarah Bennett, and claims that she lost a husband at the recent fearful accident on the Hudson River Railroad. She is now considered insane, and has been locked up as a vagrant.

—Jane Ann Dunn, a servant girl of Brooklyn, recently, at the risk of her life, made a heroic effort to rescue an old man from a burning house, and although she failed in her attempt, through his feebleness, the newspapers call her the bravest woman in Brooklyn.

—A young lady explained to a printer the other day the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said: "You may print a kiss on my cheeks, but you must not publish it." He took her at her word, and then went immediately and ordered a suit of clothing for his wedding.

—Credit Miss Kate Stanton with this: "John Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, Jacob Bright, and other English statesmen assert that women understand political economy better than men, because they have been drilled in the habit of husbanding small resources. Some are obliged to husband very small resources, in the shape of the men they have to take care of."

—Some benevolent young ladies of Boston, have made up a fund of $1,000, the interest of which is to be devoted to taking the inmates of the Home for Aged Indigent Females out to ride occasionally on pleasant afternoons.

—A young lady in Madison Avenue, N. Y., has a very neat collection of locks of hair, culled from the craniums of her numerous admirers. These are all beautifully arranged in a handsome album, each one accompanied by a little descriptive verse of poetry.

—A Chicago widow has recovered a verdict for $1,112.92 against her grocer, who verbally promised, when her husband was very sick and she was unable to leave him, to to pay the premium upon his policy of life insurance, and forgot to do it.

—The last invention of the enemy, to place men in the power of women, is a new scarf with a string around the neck, and a patent fastener, which no man, however good an engineer he is, can harness on to himself without the aid of women.

—Three young ladies of Alleghany, Pa., advertised in the Pittsburgh *Leader* for three young gentlemen to take them to lectures, this winter. Car fare and tickets furnished and refreshments at the homes of the ladies afterward.

—A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool." The judge, who was an old bachelor, would not admit the plea, because, he said, every man who gets married would be liable to the same imputation.

—Mrs. Brem, of Hannibal, Mo., whom her husband murderously assaulted some days ago, is likely to recover, although she has lost sixteen pieces of bone from her skull. The murderer, Brem, is dead.

—At Gottenburg, Sweden, a college of medicine has been opened for ladies over seventeen years of age. With this is connected a full course of clinical and anatomical lectures, and the institution, in short, offers a full and complete preparation for medical life. And, what is significant, the male sex do not disgrace themselves by ungallant conduct to their medical competitors.

—An exchange says: "Miss Anthony went sleigh-riding out West, and says that she dropped ever so many of her weary fifty years while in that big, closely-packed sleigh, and was certainly not much more than eighteen years old during the whole dozen miles ride."

—It is proposed to establish an Inebriate Asylum for women only, at Whitewash, Montgomery Co., Penn. The fact that there are a sufficient number of victims to this terrible demon of drink among women to make such an institute possible carries with it a fearful lesson.

—Mrs. Ella Clymer, the gifted and beautiful young aspirant for theatrical honors, well-known by the many private recitations she has given in connection with Sorosis, will make her debut on Saturday evening, February 25th, at the French Theatre on Fourteenth street, in the Lady of Lyons.

—The *Daily State Sentinel* of Trenton says: "At the monthly meeting of the Mercer and Mechanics' Loan Associations, held last evening, Mrs. J. M. Clark was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*, in place of her husband, lately deceased."

—The Chicago *Times* describes the recent convention held in that city as an assemblage of "long-haired men and short-haired women." This is such an improvement on the billingsgate usually indulged in by the wickedest newspaper out West that we are afraid the *Times* "are out of joint."

—Wendell Phillips said recently in a speech before the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on the Liquor Law that "the only hope for universal suffrage was the passage of a prohibitory law. New York was the unadulterated result of universal suffrage under the present condition of affairs. The principal owners of rum-shops in many of our large cities were prominent Republicans."

—Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake read at the last meeting of the New York Woman Suffrage Association, an interesting paper on "the Amazons." In it a vast amount of evidence was cited to prove that there did anciently exist great Amazonian nations. Quotations from Quintius Curtius, Diodonus Siculus, Pliny, Plutarch, Herodotus, and many other writers all established the proposition with which Mrs. Blake started that there was as much testimony to the existence of the Amazons as there is for much other matter now recognized as historical.

—The Missouri Senate Committee, to whom was referred a memorial from the female suffragists, asking the legislature to urge Congress to submit a sixteenth amendment to the federal constitution, reported as follows:

That inasmuch as the ladies claim they have a right to vote under the Constitution of the United States, and that it will be held and enforced by the Court therefore the ladies are respectfully referred to the United States Courts for the enforcement of their rights.

It is pretty evident that the ladies will pick up the gauntlet thus thrown down.

—The following is clipped from a Belgian scientfic journal:

"In our practice as patent solicitors we have frequently been called upon to prepare applications for female inventors, and to correspond with them in relation to various inventions; and we can say to those who are unbelievers in regard to the power of women to achieve, as a class, anything higher than a plumcake or a piece of embroidery, that the inventions made by women, and for which they solicit patents through our agency, are generally found to be in their practical character and in their adaptation and selections of means to effect a definite purpose fully equal to the same number of inventions selected at random from among those made by men.

"Our experience teaches us that women have as much natural inventive talent as men, and that the circumstances under which most of them pass their lives only prevent an equal manifestation of this talent on their part."

—The most that can be said of Ball's statue of Gov. Andrew is that it is respectable. However, the sex of the artist is likely to protect him from scandalous attacks such as Miss Ream has endured.

—A Dakota paper says there is a French girl of great beauty living about forty-five miles up the Sioux river from that place, who possesses remarkable agility, being able to put her hand on the back of a horse and jump over him without touching a hair. She is famous for riding wild colts bareback, and never was thrown.

—There is a beautiful girl living near Montreal who, notwithstanding the fact that she has lost both l gs above her knees, has received over a dozen offers of marriage during the past year, and refused them all. One of her lovers is a member of the Dominion Parliament. This afflicted girl speaks seven languages and charms everybody who comes near her.

—The testimony of a daughter of the parties to a recent Indiana divorce suit seems conclusive: "Father got mad because mother starched his stockings. Mother picked up the stockings and hit father on the head with them, and it sounded as though they were sticks of wood. Father then stuffed a hot wheat cake down mother's throat, and then mother set the dog on faher, and twisted the dog's tail to make him bite harder."

—In the cathedral of Granada is the splendid marble monument and tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella. The forms of the king and queen are represented as lying side by side on a bed. It is noticeable that the head of Isabella lies deep in the pillow, whilst that of Ferdinand hardly makes an impression. The tale goes that the sculptor said that as Isabella had all the brains her head must necessarily be heavier than Ferdinand's, and make a greater impression.

—It is not enough that Miss Ream has been the unequalled victim of newspaper spite; recently, when her Lincoln statue was making its transit from the rotunda to the old Senate Chamber where it is to stand permanently, the hand holding the proclamation got broken. A newspaper correspondent describes the scene as the little girl artist stood by weeping bitterly over the accident, as enough to touch the sensibilities of some of her stony-hearted critics.

—Mrs. Mary Ayrault Craig, whose poem, entitled "Gwendolen," appears in this week's issue, is an American poetess, the wife of an artist, residing in Florence, Italy. We are pleased to announce her as a regular contributor to THE REVOLUTION, feeling sure that her natural, unaffected, and melodious verses will add a special charm of their own to our columns.

—Knoxville, Illinois, can boast of a choice villain who, under the promise of marriage, seduced the daughter of one of the best families of the town, and was forced by the infuriated father to marry her out of hand. It has since been discovered that the same scamp has accomplished the ruin of two other girls belonging to the place; and the male members of the disgraced families now threaten to shoot him. We cannot think that the father named has bettered this shameful business by forcing his child into a legal connection with such a wretch.

—Kitty Underwood, recently decided by popular vote at a fair to be the most beautiful young lady of Fort Dodge, Ia., proved the dazzling quality of her beauty in a more decisive and undesirable manner shortly afterward. She had a felon on her hand, and a surgeon was called to lance it. Kitty's eyes made the susceptible youth so nervous that his hand trembled; he severed an artery, and it is feared the girl will lose her arm.

—Says Beecher, "Making people happy is neither a small nor an unimportant business. As I regard good-nature as one of the richest fruits of true Christianity, so I regard the making of people round about us happy, as one of the best manifestations of that Christian disposition which we are commanded to wear as a garment."

—Mr Jacob Bright, in his speech at Edinburgh, delivered last year, stated that "there was no parallel in Christendom to the legal position of the married women of this country." If he wanted a parallel, the nearest he could find, he would go to the Southern States of America amongst the negro population before the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln.

—*Every Saturday* in speaking of a horrible barbarism of fashion says:

"The new color is *sang-Prussien*. It is a little singular that many of the recent fashionable colors have taken their names from bloody events or bloody men. Solferino and Magenta had become so familiar as colors that we have almost forgotten that they were the names also of great battles. Then we have had Bismarck color, and here the Parisian ladies made a distinction between *Bismarck malade and Bismarck en colere;* but whether sick or angry the German Chancellor does not bear the reputation of an ultra peace man. All these names are thrown into the shade by the new shade, which is the color of Prussian blood. Precisely how the blood of a German differs from that of a Frenchman we are not told, but we imagine that if the new color is of French manufacture there is no suspicion of blue in it. The name is certainly in the worst of taste."

We would suggest as an appropriate accompaniment for *sang-Prussien* robes, imitation scalps worn at the girdle.

—A recent number of Harper's *Bazar* contains a strong article on the crimes of opulent and luxurious mothers from which we clip the following:

"There is not a daily London *Times* published which does not contain this and similar advertisements: "A wet-nurse wanted—a single woman preferred." The meaning of this is obvious. "A single woman preferred," because she is less likely to be diverted by family obligations and the care of her illegitimate offspring that she designedly neglects from the nursling to which her employer, with a natural selfishness, would desire exclusively to confine her attention. Thus to the crime of murder is to be added that of encouraging the sacrifice of female virtue, as the consequence of the refusal of women of society to perform their natural duties."

—Mrs. Prof. Botta, of this city, is forming a superb album to be sold for the benefit of the French sufferers, which will contain autographs of notable people from all parts of the world, beside sketches contributed by various artists. Lady Amberly and Lady Stanley have sent autograph letters of prominent English people; several French notabilities have also contributed to the collection, while sketches are included by Church, Bierstadt, and other New York artists, and also by the American artists in Rome, who have sent some valuable pictures. The whole collection is unique of its kind, and is expected to sell for $5,000, the pictures alone being worth half that sum.

Our Mail Bag.

THE ILLINOIS WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The third annual meeting of this association was held in Farwell Hall, Chicago, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. It was by far the largest gathering of the friends of woman suffrage ever held in the Northwest. Over three thousand persons were in attendance at a single session.

On Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, the Convention was called to order by the Hon. James B. Bradwell, President of the Association.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. John M. Reid, editor of the *N. W. Christian Advocate*.

The report of Myra Bradwell, Secretary of the Association, of the last annual meeting was then read, and after some debate adopted.

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm then addressed the Convention at some length. She said she had been contending for woman suffrage for more than forty years, and that although now standing upon the brink of the grave she had faith to believe that she should not pass over to the shining shore until she saw the ballot in the hands of her sisters throughout the length and breadth of this glorious land, and women acknowledged as the equal of men before the law. Mrs. Swisshelm thought it nothing but fun to fight Horace Greeley, and regarded it as a good omen for the women cause that he was against it, as he was generally upon the wrong, and always upon the losing side of every question. She said women suffrage was the child of the churches, born of their prayers and their tears, and if they would disown their child and turn it over to be nourished and brought up by infidels and heathen, upon whom would the responsibility rest but themselves? She closed with a powerful appeal to the Church, and the Christian ministry to stand by the cause, claiming that all reforms first originated in the church.

Rev. Dr. John M. Reid then made an eloquent and able address. He said he had been in favor of women suffrage for twenty years. He deprecated much that had been said by some of the friends of the cause who despised the Holy Bible and its ministers, and did not believe as some did that suffrage would be the panacea for all of woman's wrongs, it had not righted all the wrongs of men, and neither would it all the wrongs of women; but he believed it was in accordance with the principles taught in the Bible, and would be of benefit to both men and women. He should continue to advocate it in the future as in the past, and should talk to his one hundred thousand readers upon the subject but he wished it distinctly understood that he was against everything that tended to free love or free divorce, or anything that tended to loosen the marriage contract.

Dr. Underhill made an able appeal in favor of woman suffrage, and reviewed a sermon recently delivered against it by Rev. Robert Laird Collier.

A. I. Grover, of La Salle, attributed to Dr. Reid's statements that the church was not going to take any hand in this subject because it was an infidel movement, and spoke severely against what he understood as the doctor's views, who was not then in the Hall.

Prof. D. C. Brooks then spoke. He alluded to the speech of Rev. Robert Laird Collier, as recently reported in the *Tribune*, as an "harangue," and nothing more. Too much time he thought, had already been wasted on this subject, as it was unworthy of notice. He had understood that Daniel McFarland had undertaken a crusade against woman's rights, and his failure had been such that his appearance in the field had actually aided the woman's cause. If Rev. Robert Laird Collier would only follow his example similar good results would probably ensue. He had spoken with many members of Mr. Collier's church, and they had expressed their hearty disapprobation of the course he had taken, and of the lecture which he had delivered.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mrs. E. O. G. Willard read a paper of considerable length, entitled, "A Bill of Rights for Women," and defended the principles therein announced in a concise and able speech, clearly showing that she is a woman of great depth of thought and ability.

Mrs. De Geer said that she lived in Canada, owned a farm there, and had voted at school elections, and much as she loved the United States, she would not come here and give up this right.

Col. D. Fox, Rev. John M. Reid, Rev. Robert Collier, A. J. Grover, and Mrs. Wm. D. Babbitt, were appointed a Committee on Resolutions.

Dr. Reid rose to a question of privilege. He wished to reply to the remarks of Mr. Grover, which had been made during his absence. He thought it was not in order for the gentleman to say what he had. He challenged him to show *any* great body that had lead in a reform. Reforms did not originate in great bodies: they originated in the hearts of individuals. The church had always moved as soon as any great body had moved, and the church was moving now, and the people would be astonished if they knew the great numbers that were quietly working in the churches for this reform.

Mrs. Judge Waite then read a paper to prove the equality of the sexes in the Church as well as in the State, commencing with the creation, to prove that the creation of man and woman was simultaneous. The creation of the animals was to be received as an actual history, because of the words, "male and female created He them." The creation of man and woman, as recorded in the Book of Genesis, was allegorical, there being evidence that our first parents were simultaneously created. Woman, having less physical strength, fell into a condition of servitude, in opposition to the Divine will as a consequence of the fall of Adam. From this could be traced the existence of the law of physical force.

The Chair stated that there was a standing invitation for those opposed to woman suffrage to come forward and present their views.

Dr. Hatfield, a violent opposer, being present in the audience, a motion that he be invited to address the Convention was put and carried unanimously, but he failed to respond.

EVENING SESSION.

The Chairman then introduced Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm.

The speaker treated the subject, "Is woman a slave?" Out of 1,000 women, 999 did not know what they were subscribing to when they signed the marriage contract. The marriage laws of the past, and, to a great extent, of the present day, also gave all the rights to men, and allowed no freedom to women. These laws had been made by men, and men had made them to suit themselves. Women were compelled to marry both by natural and artificial laws. Man was as bad as could be by reason of his muscle. His muscle had brought him low, even from Adam's time. Woman's marriage was under the compulsion or the necessity for a home. The husband owned the wife in the same sense that the master owned the slave. When a man asked a woman in marriage, he asked her for her hands. The law gave the husband all that she could acquire by her services, her labor. This claim was so well understood that it had been decided in the courts that a married woman had no right to her time or to her labor. To-day President Grant might hire his wife out and spend her wages in cigars. Woman's servitude differed in one respect from that of the slave. The husband could not transfer his wife or sell her.

"A man had a right to arrest and take into custody, said a distinguished judge in a Southern State, "his slave, his apprentice, and his wife." The emancipation proclamation had failed to emancipate wives. Woman servitude would ever be a darker blot on the American escutcheon than slavery had ever been. Mr. Lincoln had failed to liberate wives by his emancipation proclamation.

The speaker then made a statement of what wives ought to have. She wanted wives and women in general to have one-half of the world and its rights and blessings. The sacred rite of marriage could not be pulled down, for man did not make it, but God. But she rejoiced in every new evidence of recklessness in women. It was an evidence only of the continuance of the war of independence. As to the second division of her subject, "Would the ballot unsex women?" she would merely ask her audience to look at their marriage laws and fashion plates, and then ask, "Would it not be advisable to change the character of women, even to assist her to get rid of these things?"

G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, closed the Convention for the day with a short amusing speech.

THURSDAY'S SESSIONS.

Prayer was offered by Rev. J. J. Parkhurst, of Grace Methodist Church. The following resolutions were offered:

Resolved, That the right of women to the ballot rests upon the same evident truths as that of men.

Resolved, That we hail with great satisfaction the evident progress of the nation toward women's suffrage, and of the national House of Representatives and Senate, as manifested in the very large vote to sustain the minority report lately presented.

Resolved, That, while this Convention will stand by the utmost freedom of discussion, it desires to keep free from all side issues, and to work for women suffrage alone.

Resolved, That this Convention proposes to continue steadily the agitation of the question of suffrage for women until it is settled to give her the right to vote upon any question, as that right is now enjoyed by man.

Resolved, That the Woman Suffrage Association is in no sense sectarian or Protestant, neither Catholic nor Protestant, republican nor democratic; that its advocates, as such, are not Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians, Jews or Catholics; but that it includes all these, and that when it be comes practicable all these shall go together to the polls upon terms of legal equality.

Resolved, That viewing the unfortunate differences among the friends of the woman suffrage movement in the East as detrimental to its interest, and calculated to retard its advancement, therefore, the Illinois Woman's Suffrage Association, expressing its willingness to cooperate with all organizations formed for the furtherance of this movement, yet declares itself auxilliary to none, and the Secretary is hereby directed to change the constitution accordingly.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

For President—Mrs. C. B. Waite.

For Vice Presidents—Mrs. H. B. Manford, Mrs. A. H. Hoge, Mrs. C. E. Larnard, of Champaign, Rev. R. Colyer, Rev. Edward Beecher, of Galesburg.

For Recording Secretary—Mrs. Myra Bradwell.

For Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Olive N. Robinson.

For Treasurer—Mrs. E. J. Loomis.

For Executive Committee—Judge J. B. Bradwell, Prof. D. C. Brooks, Mrs. E. C. Wilt, Mrs. C. Leonard, W. D. Babbitt, A. J. Groom, of Earlville, Gen. B. J. Sweet, A. A. Rodgers, of Monmouth, Judge S. E. Gookins, Mrs. Sharon Tyndale, of Springfield, Mrs. E. O. S. Willard, O. H. Salisbury, C. L. Baug, of Litchfield, Mrs. Geo. Scoville, Mrs. Levanay, Mrs. R. H. Fell, of Bloomington, Col. D. N. Fox, Mrs. Paul Wright, of Cobden, Gen. Rouett, and W. A. Crofut.

Effective speeches were made by Rev. Robert Collier, Judge Bradwell, Mr. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mrs. Dr. Spaulding, of Michigan, Mrs. Swisshelm, and others.

Mrs. Waite, the President elect, having taken the Chair, to which she was escorted by Judge Waite, excused herself from making a long speech. She wanted simply to command each and every one of those before her to make herself and himself a committee of one to organize a society for woman suffrage in every county and town in the State.

Great numbers of people attended nearly every session of the Convention, and it was perhaps more signally successful than any meeting of the kind ever held in the Northwest.

Truly yours, CHICAGO.

WOMEN AS CLERKS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Some two months ago I addressed a letter to THE REVOLUTION under the caption "What are little girls made for?" in which I alluded to the fact that although I had made a publi offer to educate, gratuitously, fifty women for business, and to do what I could to find something for them to do, not more than ten had responded to the offer, and out of them *not one* had had the courage to complete the course. Extracts from the letter were published in many of the leading journals of the land, and the result is that I am almost inundated with curious letters from curious people all over the country. If I could answer them all singly and specially I would; but I have neither the brains nor the muscle for such a task. So I have selected the journal that has been most instrumental in putting me in this condition, and with beating heart and quivering nerves, beg of you to print this general reply—if not in the interest of your readers, at least in that of humanity; for I am human, if not humane.

I am engaged in educating young men (and young women) for business. The average time of attendance for those who go out with

our endorsement is about sixteen months—some have gone through in a year or less. When Miss Anthony commenced her *Revolution* nearly three years ago, she made an earnest, and, in many respects, a well timed protest against the unjust discrimination against women in the matter of remuneration for labor, I felt that she was morally right, but practically wrong, and said to her what I have had occasion to repeat many times since, that the difficulty was not in the reluctance or injustice of employers, but in the comparative qualifications of employees. I had investigated the matter pretty thoroughly, and had satisfied myself that there was not even an unjust prejudice against women-workers in the ordinary channels of industry, that all that was required of women in return for men's wages was as good work and as much of it as men were expected to do. As an earnest of my belief, I told Miss Anthony that if she would send me six worthy young women—or women of any age—who would avail themselves of our own facilities, and would agree to use their gifts if opportunity offered, I would gladly educate them and aid them all in my power to get good positions. I subsequently made this offer more public and general, increasing the number to fifty, and stating my honest convictions that there would be no difficulty in getting honorable and paying positions for first-class female clerks. This offer brought me at least *five hundred* letters from as many anxious women, and if your space would permit it, and I should furnish you a few of these specimens for publication, it would not be necessary for me to say anything farther.

Most of these epistles—or more properly, compositions—are from gushing school-girls of the rural districts, who, tired of the homely surroundings and restraints of home want to get out into the world where they can use their "powers," and make a name for themselves. I presume that at least nine out of ten of all these anxious souls are better cared for, and have better prospects where they are than they could expect, under the most favorable circumstances elsewhere; but the one in ten must not, for that reason, be ignored or treated less than respectfully. Therefore will you let me say here.

1. My proposition is to afford gratuitous *instruction* to fifty women who are earnest and honest, who are not able to pay for their tuition, and who desire to make use of the knowledge they may gain.

2. By instruction, I don't mean boarding and clothing, tickets to the opera, and letters of introduction to the best society; but I *do* mean the personal attention and aid of the best teachers to be had in this country in acquiring the branches of a purely business education.

3. I don't expect women to be more capable of acquiring knowledge than men, and hence have no idea that the ordinary female can accomplish as much in three months as the ordinary male can in a year.

4. I don't guarantee—"sight unseen"—to furnish a thousand dollar clerkship to any lady who will spend a few weeks under our training, nor to soothe the heart throbs of disappointed ambition in case any sanguine soul should find that success in business is purchased only at the cost of liberty—eternal vigilance.

5. It will be useless for any lady to think of accepting my proposition who is not in a condition to maintain herself during the time given to study; nor would it be wise for any one to undertake the enterprise who is not prepared in mind, body, and temperament to accept the world as it is, and in the contest of life to ask nothing but "a fair field and a free fight." To those individuals, male and female, who are willing to accept themselves as God made them—to make the best use of their powers, and above all to do cheerfully and hopefully what, at the time seems best to do, there is nothing but encouragement and good cheer. In the apportionment of sexes, God has made no mistake—He has not even resorted to guess-work. Let every woman remember this, and let it inspire her with a purpose to fulfill that part of the Divine economy for which she was designed. Nothing more will be required of her here or hereafter.

Yours truly, S. S. Packard.

GAIL HAMILTON.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

There is perhaps no woman of her age, in this country, to whom our sex owes more than it does to Gail Hamilton; personally I have long felt under obligation to her for having used her racy pen in exposing abuses which had been so long endured, and had become so much a part of our daily lives, that it required a very considerable amount of courage and independence to attack them.

Having stood unflinchingly the first fierce burst of indignation, she is now reaping her reward and must be acknowledged to be a power in the land.

It is for this reason that I desire to say a few words with regard to the tenor of the articles now being published from her pen, in *Harper's Bazar*, and in the *Independent*.

It is this, that while her strictures on the want of enterprize, reliability and punctuality in women, especially young women, must be acknowledged to be true, nevertheless, it is necessary to remember that such facts could not exist without an adequate cause. There is no widespreading effect produced without an equally widespreading reason. My experience of women, who have had the *discipline of work*, is not that they are less reliable and punctual than men, but quite the reverse.

It has happened to me many times to be concerned in Fourth of July pic-nics, celebration balls, dinners and receptions, where a great deal of hard work is to be done, *without pay*, and my chief reliance has always been on the female and not on the male assistants.

If women were more in the habit of having their time appreciated by others, they would very soon attach more importance to it themselves, and become quite as punctual as men. Women must have the discipline of regularly organized and paid labor, before they will acquire the business habits that such organization brings.

That the evil consequences of the present false position which women occupy in the industrial world should be distinctly and forcibly pointed out, is of the greatest advantage, but might it not also be shown that they are the results of long existing causes, which must be removed ere they can disappear.

So far the world has progressed almost entirely in the direction of physical development; whatever of moral or intellectual there is mixed up in our civilization, is, for the most part, only so much as was necessary to the physical growth. Now the time is coming when that portion of the growth, which depends on the interior, or distributing in contradistinction to the exterior, or producing, is in order, and the women can no longer be kept out of general affairs.

The whole matter forms only a link, a very important one to be sure, in the great chain of human progress. As individuals we are all bound to help it on, especially since by so doing we gain for ourselves that discipline, which our early life seems intended to give us; but surely reproach and invective are out of place in this connection. Women cannot all of a sudden change their places in this world, they must grow to their new positions, and now that the time has come they will grow, just as surely as the world has been growing from the beginning.

Yours truly, Mary Jane Owen.

MISS REAM AND THE TRIBUNE.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Washington, Feb. 13, 1871.

I regret to see that you quote the *Tribune's* ungenerous and unjust criticism of Vinnie Ream and her Lincoln statue. Does the *Tribune* wish to alienate all its old friends? Is it determined to crack an overseer's lash over Congress, that it scruples not to sacrifice truth and justice in order to find fault with its part in Vinnie Ream's work? A recent article in the *Chronicle*, of this city, *proved* in detail the care which Congress took that the statue of Lincoln should be worthy of the subject and the country, and now that the friends of Lincoln are well satisfied, and prejudice is compelled to subside, we are told, forsooth, by the *Tribune*, that Miss Ream took a parcel of photographs over to Italy and hired clever mechanics to execute the work, while she flitted about with cardinals, &c. Is not this a remarkable criticism for the astute *Tribune*? Should not the writer know that American sculptors often send a clay model to Europe to be cut in marble, never seeing the work until it is done and returned to them? We never heard that they lost credit for their work by so doing. Why, then, should Miss Ream be deprived of the credit due to her when she faithfully accompanied her model, selected the most perfect and spotless of blocks for the statue, and with her own hand put that finishing work to it which she would entrust to no mechanic, however skilled? This we know she did. We know, too, that she has achieved all the work which she has accomplished against obstacles which would have discouraged any ordinary mind. After her choice of her profession was made, and her means had justified her in devoting herself to sculpture, she went to Baltimore and to New York to study and practice under the best instruction she could find. She sought all the best artists, *and not one of them would aid her*. They told her that sculpture was none of woman's business, and, disappointed and grieved she came back to Washington, and to unaided study. Through books on art and anatomy, and by native talent, and indomitable perseverance and industry, she has achieved a success of which no *Tribune* should seek to deprive her. Story, Bierstadt, Healy, Kellogg, and many others, do not praise where there is no merit, and she has their unbiassed testimony in her favor. I am very sure a woman's paper will not wish to deprive a woman of her hard-earned and well-merited reward.

Truly yours, H. C. Ingersoll.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1871.

THE CAUSE OF WOMAN IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, ITALY, January 28th.

Mr. Leckey, in his History of European Morals, asserts that the student of the history of mankind will find the same law to hold good in the world of thought and of morals, which the student of geology has learned to be universal in the physical world. As the researches of the man of science prove that the successive changes which our globe has passed through have resulted in the development of constantly advancing and higher forms of animal and vegetable life, so it will be found in the world of ideas; new and higher beliefs have crowded out the earlier crude and low systems of morality as fresh varieties of animals and vegetables have succeeded each other on the earth's surface. "The laws of God are seen to be one and the same in their operations in the world of matter and in the world of morals," says our philosopher; and therefore he proceeds to show that it is hopeless for man to attempt to force any new ideas in a hot-bed growth.

As in the material world, a suitable soil and favorable atmosphere are necessary to the growth of the vegetable creation; so in the moral world the like favorable conditions are absolutely essential to the spreading of new and higher ideas.

"The whole history of reform shows," he insists, "that if society is not yet prepared for the acceptance of our idea, the seeds sown by a few advanced minds fall on stony ground, and never germinate, while, on the contrary, when the human mind is in a fit state to receive these thought germs, there springs up, as if spontaneously, all the world over, a harvest of a like nature, yielding ready and generous returns to those who have scattered the seed."

Any one who has carefully studied the history of past reforms, whether religious, social or political, must admit that there is no slight foundation in facts for Mr. Leckey's theory to rest upon.

Perhaps no reform more strikingly illustrates this general principle than that known in our day as the "Woman Question."

Mary Wolstonecraft was one of the seed sowers in advance of her time, and her fate was the same as that of all who, like her, have essayed to plant good seed in an unprepared soil: not only did the seed-grain fail to spring up and bear fruit, but instead of the rich return of progress for which she had hoped, she reaped an unexpected harvest of abuse and misrepresentation; yet some seed fell on good ground, and her work was not wholly in vain.

More than a generation after her death the ideas which seemed destined to lie unfruitful in the barren soil upon which she planted them are springing up in simultaneous and luxuriant growth all the world over.

An international society for the advocacy of woman's rights has been formed in Europe, having its headquarters in the only country—Switzerland—which has maintained a Republican form of government among the empires and kingdoms which surround it; and that this should be the central point for the movement is natural enough, for a free country is the home of free thought, free discussion and liberal ideas. To Geneva, republican America and despotic Russia send their delegates to greet each other and exchange reports of what progress is making in their respective homes. The Russians have to tell of secret meetings, where men and women assemble to read Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women," and to discuss the many social topics which that able work, the *gospel* of the woman question, suggests.

Prague sends from Bohemia letters of greeting from its circles of women who have linked themselves together for the sake of mutual co operation and helpfulness in this new reform. From Austria comes the cry of the struggling working women for aid, and from Prussia the generous and sympathetic response of the daughter of the Queen of England, and the wife of the heir apparent to the nearly consolidated German Empire.

For the Princess Frederick William is a strong woman's rights woman.

Even from far off Turkey comes the stir of the imprisoned inmates of the harems, asserting the claims to individuality of their long repressed womanhood.

France has her journals devoted to woman's rights, and points proudly to her catalogue of able women as a proof of her recognition of the value of the weaker sex, and England as proudly, and with even more just reason for pride, claims the front rank among the nations for her recent acknowledgment of the citizenship of her women and the rights which she has already accorded them.

Italy, just emerging from her long political sleep, and calling upon her sons to take their place in her Council Chambers, is not wholly unmindful of her daughters. The most advanced minds in her Chamber of Deputies are ardent supporters of the rights of women.

Chief among these noble and unselfish champions of our sex is the distinguished patriot, Salvatore Morelli, who, for twelve years, was a prisoner in the dungeons of Naples for the crime of striving to free his country from her Bourbon tyrants, and now, by more than poetical justice, he is sent by that very province to represent her in the Parliament of United Italy.

During his long and weary incarceration, which was varied only by changes from one to another of those State Prisons which have made King Bomba's name infamous—prisons which are unparalleled even in the dark ages for the miseries of their hapless victims, whose only crime was too great a love for liberty—Morelli became only the more enthusiastically devoted to the cause of human freedom and equal justice to all mankind.

He was nine times tried for his life, for his political offences, and escaped condemnation as by a miracle; this escape he regards as a proof that his life is not his own, but henceforth should be devoted to the service of all mankind who are suffering from neglect or oppression.

The political freedom which he and his fellow patriots have won for themselves through untold sufferings, he would not willingly retain for men alone, but he is desirous to extend its benefits to his country-women. He has written a most able work on the Woman Question, entitled "Woman and Science," in which he claims for our sex a just equality with man. In this work he takes the ground that woman is not only the mother of the race in a physical sense, but that her motherhood extends to its spiritual and intellectual conditions; for this reason he asserts that the initial step in the advancement of humanity must be the regeneration and education of its women. This he proposes to effect by a "Maternal Governmental School," which shall teach all the young girls of the present generation new ideas of their duty by giving them a thorough scientific education. He refers to the practice of the Spartans, who would not suffer a weak puny child to live, and says that the idea of which this early race had but a dim conception, has in it an element of truth. Weakness and imbicility are treason to the state, but he would put an end to this, not by destroying such children, but by elevating and perfecting the mothers so that henceforth only noble men and women should be born of them.

This preparation for maternity is only one of many suggestions, which he proposes for the action of government in the interests of society.

Signor Morelli's book is already in its third Italian edition; it has been translated into French, and will no doubt, ere long be translated into English.

In reply to a most appreciative and complimentary letter from John Stuart Mill, who had just read this work, Signor Morelli alludes to the position of the woman question in the following sentences, which we quote as giving a brief summary of the aspect of the movement in Italy.

"In 1858 when I first declared that the union of woman and science was the new force needed for human progress and a necessity of our emancipation, this great question began to be discussed, supported not only by the powerful words of our friends Mazzini, De Boni, and Macchi, but at last by our minister, Peruzzi who in 1863 proposed to Parliament to admit woman to the electoral franchise.

"Since 1867, when I presented a draft of a law for woman's enfranchisement to the Italian Parliament, the discussion has become more general, and committees and associations have been formed, as well as newspapers started, in various provinces in our country for the purpose of rousing our rulers to the importance of a better education for woman, and to induce the governmental authorities to recognize the changes which are so necessary in the social laws that concern her. As regards the bill for woman's franchise, and her complete emancipation, it was approved on its first reading, and on the second it received more than twenty votes in the chamber of Deputies."

And Morelli and his co-laborers are resolved never to rest contented until their country-women receive equal rights under the new government.

Signor Farrelli, is another of the advocates of woman's enfranchisement in Italy. He, too, like Morelli, was outlawed and proscribed for opinion's sake, by the King of Naples. In disguise he listened to his own sentence of death pronounced in the court-room at Naples. His boldness in venturing thus into the very den of the Bourbon tiger, was only a specimen

of the courage which he displayed in that long political struggle which has at last resulted in the shaking off of the despotism which has so long crippled Italy, and the union which is the beginning of a new era in her history.

Signor Traversa is still another of the leading deputies in the Parliament, who has devoted to the cause of equal rights, his time, his influence, his vast wealth, and his eloquent words. A thorough Republican in his opinions, he is not yet satisfied with the government of Italy, but longs for the day when Kings shall give place to the sovereignty of the people. Not long since Signor Traversa was invited to the dinner given by the King of Italy, in honor of his son Amadeus, King of Spain, who was about to leave his native land to ascend his new throne. But Signor Traversa declined the honor, as did Salvatore Morelli also, both feeling that it was not a fitting thing for such staunch Republicans as they, to be present at a *fete* given in honor of the downfall of the Spanish Republic, and to celebrate the triumph of the monarchial principle.

Signor Traversa and his lovely wife are heartily in sympathy with each other in every good word and work. For ten years past they have maintained a free school for over three hundred children, not only giving them gratituous instruction, but assuming their entire support. The home-life of this husband and wife is most beautiful. United in heart and in purpose, surrounded by six lovely children, their union is one of the instances, alas, all too rare, of a marriage such as God intended all marriages to be—for the twain are one, not only in law but in fact: devotedly attached to each other, and yet not so selfishly absorbed in their mutual love, as to forget the claims of humanity upon them.

Signora Traversa is a good English scholar, and to our surprise we found that for more than a year past, she had been a subscriber to and constant reader of THE REVOLUTION.

There are at least *two* journals devoted to woman's rights published in Italy; one "La Donna," which is issued weekly in Venice, and "La Voce delle Donne," printed at Parma; and beside these journals for the special advocacy of woman's rights, which are edited by Italian women, and whose pages are filled also, with the contributions of the women of Italy, all the reform newspapers, and these are not a few, which are edited by Italian patriots, are in favor of the granting of equal political rights to their country-women.

Among the more prominent Italian ladies who write on the subject of the enfranchisement of their sex is Madame Cimino, a very able and well-known author, and Madame Cammes, also a graceful writer, and both residents of Florence.

In Milan a flourishing society of women exists, which does good service in educating public opinion on this subject.

But the engrafting of a new idea on the public mind is a work requiring patience, and in a country, in some parts of which it is not without great effort that male electors are induced to take interest enough in their privileges of the ballot to send their representatives to Parliament, it is not to be expected that woman will be in advance of man in political matters.

That so much interest is felt on the subject of the "*emancipation of women*," which is the phrase universally used here when speaking of the question, is a most hopeful sign.

The cloud, no larger than a man's hand, is already to be seen in the political horizon, and in time the refreshing showers will fall, which shall fertilize the earth and "make the wilderness, 'under woman's purer influence,' to blossom like the rose."

THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH AMENDMENTS.

Article Fifteenth of the Constitution declares expressly that "The right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

The Fourteenth amendmend declares that "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside," and also "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States.

In these two articles citizens are defined, and the privileges, or rights, which State laws, old or new, shall not abridge. If "citizens" covers sex, as it certainly does, being defined "All persons born or naturalized in the United States," then sex cannot be made a disqualifiction in any of the States.

There is a right of suffrage, as the fifteenth amendment distinctly declares. It belongs to citizens, and citizens being constitutionally defined as persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof; women are citizens, and cannot be disqualified for voting on account of sex. Here is the argument in a nut-shell.

It is impossible to deny that these amendments to the Constitution plainly recognize woman's right to the franchise; but it is quite another thing to get this right admitted practically.

Gov. Ashley is reported to have said to Mr. Julian, when the amendments were passed, "Keep still about your sixteenth amendment; the women are enfranchised, and some of them will be keen enough to find it out before long." There is a solid mass of prejudice and opposition to overcome in our National Legislature, in spite of facts that cannot be got round, and which such men as Butler and Loughridge are great enough to squarely admit. Whether it will be easier to pass a law declaring that women already have the right to vote, than to get a sixteenth amendment through Congress, is a matter of question. It certainly ought to be easier to gather the fruits which are admitted to be ours by the highest authority, and which are kept from us by high walls and prickly hedges, than to dig the soil and plant the seed, and then wait wearily for a harvest.

If we can get along without lumbering the Constitution with another amendment, we shall all rejoice and be exceeding glad. At any rate, Mrs. Woodhull has done the women of the country a signal service in waking them up to the fact, that were their constitional rights acknowledged by the male half of the nation, they could vote to-morrow. The grand central thought of our Declaration of Independence, that all men are born free and equal, was a bitter sarcasm when set over against the manacled limbs of four millions of slaves. The privileges and immunities granted to citizens by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments suggest the same kind of condemnation, when contrasted with the ballotless hands of thrice that number of American women.

We sympathize with every species of effort that aims to secure the great boon of suffrage for woman. There are those who believe that the best and speediest way to get it is by working upon our State Legislatures, singly and separately, as there the final issue must come. We believe in letting people work in their own way, and with whatever weapons they can deal the strongest blows. Every stroke tells, and will make the victory easier to those who endure unto the end. Never before was there so much life and healthy fermentation in the cause as we now see. Our very opponents are working for us; more than one of them has been hoisted by his own petard. We ought to thank God and take courage, joining in sympathy of spirit, whatever differences we may hold as to the best methods of attack. Let us send broadcast our warm brave, hearty words of cheer ot those who cherish a common aim, and are stretching forward to a common goal.

"MALE" AND "CITIZEN."

Mr. A. G. Riddle, in his very able and witty speech before the Washington Convention, said we had got rid of the word "white," and "in getting rid of that white, we have got rid of more than was probably intended at the time." "Why," he asked, "was this term male used in the constitution, pray? Because every mortal man knew, when tinkering up a constitution, that if he did not put 'male' in females would vote."

We hope and believe, in spite of the very selfish and stupid stuumbling-block which "male" presents, that females will ere long vote. If woman's wit and energy can crush out "male" with "citizen," the thing is fairly done already. The issue has been reduced to a battle of words, and "citizen" being a broader, stronger, more comprehensive word than "male," with a human significance which the other essentially lacks, we believe it will win in the contest:

Mr. Riddle quoted Grant White's definition of citizen, which we give, as it appears to be the most concise and succinct argument in favor of woman suffrage to be found:

> Citizen is used by some newspaper writers with what seems like an affectation of the French usage of *citoyen* in the first republic. For instance, "Gen. A. is a well known citizen." "Several citizens carried the sufferer," etc. The writer might as well have said that the sufferer was carried off by several church members or several "freemasons." Now mark, he says that "a citizen is a person who has certain political rights, and the word is properly used only to imply or suggest the possession of those rights."

It is the duty of every woman's rights woman to help "citizen" fight it out on this line.

—Eliza W. Tuttle, of Cheshire, is the only girl in Connecticut who received one of the prizes offered by Orange Judd, for the "best specimen of patching by any girl not a tailoress, and not over sixteen years of age."

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

One may start almost anywhere now-a-days and be sure to bring up at the woman question. All by-paths and alleys of thought and speech seem to run sooner or later into this great thoroughfare of public interest. A reverend doctor, at the recent Chicago Convention, said that reforms have their birth in individual minds, and denied that the Church is backward in taking hold of the live interest of the day.

The clergy are certainly now waking up to the cause, and brethren of the same denomination not unfrequently are seen arrayed in hostile ranks. Mr. Beecher is vigorously opposed by Dr. Todd, the Rev. Bushnell, Dr. Hatfield and others, who burn as larger or lesser lights in the Presbyterian or Congregationalist firmament. Robert Colyer, James Freeman Clarke, Samuel J. May and other eminent Unitarian divines find themselves arrayed against their doughty foe, Robert Laird Collier, who seems determined to win his spurs in the lecturing lists by driving full tilt against an impregnable cause.

Our Western friends appear to be a good deal stirred up by his rodomontade; but for our own part, we think he ought to be encouraged. Good, assiduous lady followers can be hired, it is said, to persecute actresses for the sum of twenty-five dollars a month, and all expenses paid. It might, on the same principle, be advisable to offer the Rev. Laird Collier a consideration to keep on persecuting the woman suffragists. The more sound and fury, signifying nothing, which he can get up the better. Instead of preaching the "follies of the woman movement," let him denounce the insanity and madness of these ideas, and use the full force of his vigorous lungs in the assault, and Chicago by this time next year will be so thoroughly aroused on the subject that the Illinois Convention, instead of attracting an audience of three thousand people, will bring together such numbers who desire to hear and know of this new doctrine, that the capacity of Farwell Hall will doubtless fail to furnish them accommodation.

Those people who will persist in being on the wrong side in great moral questions, like slavery and the woman cause, have a really important mission to the world. It is impossible to say that William Lloyd Garrison would ever have done what he did without the stimulant afforded by truth-side Adams and other religious advocates of chattel bondage. Spiritual blindness found in high places, among those who believe they have a special call to break the bread of life to the people, carries with it a degree of melancholy. If clergymen are not expected to be more fully awake to the moral bearings of great movements in opinion, affecting large classes of people, they certainly are not supposed to be less able to discern the signs of the times than those who bring forward no claims to consideration as belonging to the elect.

The Rev. Robert Colyer, that great, genial sympathetic advocate of woman's cause, whose heart must lead him, and is sure to lead aright, ought to have a foeman worthier of his steel than the Rev. Laird of the same name. He can so easily overturn his opponent's arguments with a merry quip or characteristic gleam of broad humor, it is quite needless to unbuckle that good and trusty sword of sound logic which he has ever at command.

If the churches have been somewhat blind and deaf as to what women are doing and mean to do in the future, they are not likely to remain so any longer. The ostrich policy of hiding the head in the sand to shut out unpleasant facts is not the one to be pursued in the future. We rejoice that the Church has become the arena for our cause, and that doctors find themselves obliged to enroll their names on one side or the other. Neutrality is no longer possible. We want to know who is for and who is against us; and the most hopeful sign now is, that people must have opinions, either one way or the other, on what is known as the woman question.

THE PROMISED LAND.

The young blood of the West is thoroughly awake on the woman suffrage question. They have had a glorious Convention in Chicago, where Western talent and energy were largely represented. In fact, the meeting, if we mistake not, was almost wholly a home product. Scarcely an Eastern name appears among the list of speakers; and the addresses were all of that pungent, spicy, direct character, which so strongly marks Western thought and expression.

The favorite phrase with people who want to stir up the massess to any good work, is that the West is alive. It is full of vim and go-a-hea-d-ativeness, and forms the grand, magnificent hunting ground of those who desire to snare converts to new ideas. The inertness and apathy of Eastern communities, in contrast to this seething caldron of life, fall with leaden weight upon the leaders of agitation and reform. What other city but magnificent Chicago could have filled its largest hall day and evening twice over, with audiences packed like sardines to listen to what is elegantly and euphoniously termed the "shrieking sisterhood." Though editors out there have not all become decent or seemly of speech and pen, and parsons are not all gifted with the power to speak to edification on things spiritual and temporal, the little seed that was planted twenty years ago in a few devout hearts, has grown into a goodly tree, and is overshadowing the prairies.

We look to the West as the land from whence cometh our help—the promised land of woman's rights. Principles of political equality, and even-handed justice are being ploughed and horrowed into the virgin soil. They will come up, and children will taste them in their bread and be made strong on the truth. We expect great things of the girls of Wyoming Territory, who are now being brought up on woman's rights. The young women of the West, have a glorious prospect before them. They have less hide-bound conservatism to contend with, fewer meaningless and burdensome social restrictions to shake off than their sisters of the older States. The doors of male colleges and universities are yielding to their hands; they are practically opening the world oyster in their own way, and winning encomiums for scholarship from such men as Prof. Moses Coit Tylor. The world of art and literature also invites them. We expect confidently that some Western woman will yet do the work for the prairie States that Bret Harte is doing for California, or that Mrs. Stowe has done for New England, and embody the humor and pathos, beauty and grace, of a peculiar phase of our American life, in a form which the world wants and waits for.

A Western girl has just achieved a success in art, of which her own section may justly be pround. In spite of all the low calumny which has been directed against Vinnie Ream, her work is coming out ahead—is asserting itself as a worthy achievement—the best semblance of the great Western chief ever made. Dr. Sunderland and Mary Clemmer Ames both went to view the statue with prepossessions against the artist and it, and they have humbly acknowledged that it is a great and true work, and the express image of him whom the nation loved. The plea which those marble lips are making for Vinnie Ream will, we believe, silence all detraction, and render it easier hereafter for women to win similar triumphs. American art certainly needs what American women can do for it, to magnetize it something like life; and what the West is in the future to give us will not, we believe, be mannered or lifeless imitations of old world models, but the new thoughts and meaning of the age, bearing the fresh stamp of individual genius.

WOMAN'S NEED OF BUSINESS KNOWLEDGE.

Women can scarcely be too often told that they need before all things habits of independent thought and action, which will enable them to stand firmly upon their own feet. Self-reliance is what modern discipline aims at for the sex.

The tendency of better education and enlarged fields of labor all point to the same goal. Only a crusty old conservative or a weak sentimentalist can perceive less poetry, enshrining a woman who goes about her business in a proper, womanly fashion, keeps her eyes open, and has inteilect enough to see the bearings of a thing, and to know when she is being swindled, than there is connected with a mentally helpless creature who shrinks from owning that she has sufficient intellect to comprehend the simplest business formula. Women make their boast that they are totally ignorant of business, and thus, when possessed of property, fall an easy prey to male sharpers.

Certainly, in such cases, they ought not to look for pity if they shrink from acquiring the simplest business principles because they are afraid of being considered unfeminine. A woman who has head enough to manage her own household has head enough to master every detail of her property affairs, and is inexcusable if she neglect, through indolence or false educational ideas, to thoroughly protect herself against robbery.

Most of us are acquainted personally with many instances where widows and single women have been unmercifully fleeced by sharpers, who make a study of working upon the confidence of just this class. An ordinary woman left with an unsettled estate is the most helpless of all beings. She is completely in the power of lawyers and other persons, who, unless endowed with the higheset sense of honor, are tempted by her very weakness and ignorance to abuse the trust confided to their hands.

The number of women who have been needesslly swindled out of money is very great.

Many, to-day, are earning their bread by hard labor, who might have possessed independence had they not too blindly entrusted their interests in dishonest hands, allowing their affairs to be carried on without any personal supervision or attention of their own.

The habit of signing papers without reading and thoroughly understanding them is pernicious. We heard of a lady, not long since, who in this way rented a magnificently furnished mansion, with greenhouses, conservatories and vast pleasure-grounds attached, for a few hundred dollars a year. When she denied the fact indignantly, she was coolly shown a long lease, to which, in the too blind confidence of her heart, she had attached her name without previous examination.

It is the height of stupidity for a woman to allow herself to be handled in this manner because she may have a silly prejudice against meddling with men's affairs. She is inexcusable for sacrificing her own interests and the interests of children, by not thoroughly comprehending every detail of her money matters, and exercising an active surveillance over those to whom they are entrusted.

John Alden's motto, "If you would have a thing well done do it yourself," applies with especial force here; and the axiom can safely be laid down, that it is thoroughly disreputable to allow one's self to be cheated when the exercise of a little common sense and inde pendence would enable one to avoid the necessity.

A MAN-MADE GOVERNMENT.

Some time ago the New York *Tribune*, in an unexampled fit of candor, made the following statement concerning the honorable bodies that rule us at Washington:

> The forty-first Congress is not likely to go down to history with a commendable reputation for good morals. Two of its members have been expelled for selling cadetships, one resigned to escape expulsion, three or four others got off only by the hard swearing of their accomplices, one has convicted himself of attempting to procure counterfeit money to pass among the poor negroes, one is charged with cheating soldiers' widows out of their pensions, and now the indictment of another for bigamy is reported.

Here are the separate and distinct crimes of bribery, the attempt to pass counterfeit money, theft and bigamy, proved upon those men who were sent up to make laws for the people. Some of these charges, like the attempt to defraud soldiers' widows, are so shameless they would disgrace the more decent class of criminals brought before our courts. One, to be sure, was obliged to resign to escape expulsion, and others got off by "the hard swearing of their accomplices," and are still sitting in the high seats of governmental authority with power and influence on sale; the tribulation through which they have passed skin-whole by dint of sheer knavery, doubtless, only makiug them the more wary and adroit in their operations.

The fact that such men can, on any pretext whatever, be sent up and retained in Congress gives us a peep at the Augean stable of male politics, which woman only can cleanse. Until she does get in there with her besom and scrubbing brush, it is in vain to look for anything like moral purity among our rulers.

Mrs. William Gray, in an able pamphlet, causes an objector to draw the picture of "Anonyma, who is undoubtedly a householder driving up to the poll in her exquisite equipage to elect a legislator for church and state, as a representative of her interests of course; for if all interests are to be represented why not hers?"

We, too, ask, why not hers? If the interests of male pimps, gamblers and blacklegs are to meet with unquestioned attentiion in our governmental bodies. We do not believe that any class of vicious women are at all likely to make a mischevious use of politics that could compare with the active influence of bad men now pushing their unscrupulous schemes in Congress and the State legislatures with the most barefaced and unblushing impudence; neither do we believe they would go any way towards neutralizing the moral forces which the whole sex will carry into public affairs.

ALICE CARY'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of Alice Cary took place Feb. 14th, at the Church of the Strangers, on Mercer Street. The Rev. Dr. Deems an intimate friend of the deceased officiated. Although the severest snow storm of the season raged fiercely, a large number of the friends of the lamented poet attended the services. The pall bearers were Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, P. T. Barnum, Oliver Johnson, Dr. W. F. Holcombe, A. J. Johnson, F. B. Carpenter, and Richard B. Kimball.

Dr. Deems' address was a simple pathetic expression of grief over the departure of a loved friend, whose genius he admired, and whose noble qualities of heart and mind he reverenced. We give the entire report of it taken from the columns of a daily paper:

"I have not thought of a single word to say to you to-day, and I do not know that it is necessary to say one word more than is set down in the church service. Most of us knew and loved Alice Cary, and to those who did not know her my words would fail in describing the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition and temper. It seems, indeed, that, instead of standing here, I, too, should be sitting there among the mourners. The speaker then described the patience with which she had borne her last sickness, and told how he had been by her side when the pain was so intense that the prints of her finger-nails would be left in the palm of his hand as he would hold hers. But she never made a complaint. She was a parishioner, said he, who came very close to my heart in her suffering and sorrow. I saw how good and true she was, and the interest she had in all the work I had in hand; and I feel as if an assistant had died out of my family. The people of my congregation who did not know her ought to be glad that I did. How many traits of tenderness have come before you here, how many observations have I been able to make to you, because I had been with her! To-day I can only make my lament over her as you do, in the simplicity of affection. Men loved Alice Cary, and women loved her. When a man loves a woman it is of nature; when a woman loves a woman it is of grace—of the grace that woman makes by her loveliness; and it is one of the finest things that can be said of Alice Cary, that she had such troops of friends of her own sex. On the public side of her life she had honor, on the private side honor and tenderest affection.

And now she has gone from our mortal sight, but not from the eyes of our souls. She is gone from her pain, as she desired to die, in sleep, and after a deep slumber she has passed into the morning of immortality. The last time I saw her I took down her works and alighted on this passage, so full of consonance with the anthems just sung by the choir, and almost like a prophecy of the manner in which she passed away:

> My soul is full of whispered sorrows,
> My blindness is my sight;
> The shadows that I feared so long
> Are all alive with light.

There was one thing in Alice Cary of which we had better remind ourselves of now, because many of us are working people, and people who work very much with our brains; and I see a number of young people who are come out of tenderness to her memory to the church to-day, and there may be among them literary people just commencing their career, and they say, "Would I could write so beautifully and so easily as she did." It was not easily done. She did nothing easily; but in all this that we read she was an earnest worker; she was faithful, painstaking, careful of improving herself, up to the last moment of her life. Yesterday I looked into the drawer, and the last piece of MS. she wrote turned up, and I said to Phebe, "That is copied," and she said, "No, that is Alice's writing." It was so exceedingly plain it looked like print in large type, though she wrote a very wretched hand. But her sister told me that when she came to be weak that she couldn't write much any longer, she began to practice like a little girl, to learn to form all her letters anew. She worked to the very last, not only with the brains but the fingers.

When Phebe wrote me last Sunday that she was alone and that Alice was gone, I couldn't help telling my people, and there was a sob heard that went through the congregation. It was from an old lady, a friend of hers, who often told me about her and spoke of her nobility of soul. Alice Cary once thought of making a cap for her, and she said, "I will make a cap for Mrs. Brown," but her fingers ached so and her arm became so tired, she had to drop it; and the needle is sticking in that unfinished cap now, just as she left it. She would have finished it, but they had finished her own crown in glory, and she couldn't stay away from her coronation. And we will keep that cap with care; and I think Jesus will remind her of it, and say, "Child inasmuch as you did it to one of the least ones, you did it unto me." Should I speak for hours, I could only tell you how I loved her. She came to me in the Winter of my fortunes, when I had very few friends, and I loved her, and will revere her memory forever—forever. And now I will not shed a tear for Alice Cary; I am glad she is gone. I felt at once like saying, "Thanks be to God," when I heard that the pain was over; and it was so delightful to go to stand over her and see her face without a single frown, and to think "She is gone to her Father and my Father," and into His hands I commit her."

Miss Cary was the first president of Sorosis, although owing to ill-health she retained the office but a short time. On the day of the funeral the ladies of the club met at Delmonico's, and passed the following beautiful and appropriate resolutions, based on the extract of her inaugural address given below:

> "Some of us cannot hope to see great results, for our feet are already on the down-hill side of life. The shadows are lengthening behind us and gathering before us, and ere long they will meet and close, and the places that have known us shall know us no more. But if when our poor work is done any of those who come after us shall find in it some hint of usefulness toward nobler lives and better and more enduring work, we for ourselves rest content."

Sooner, perhaps, than she then thought the way began to narrow and her feet to falter on the road which leads to immortal life; and,

Whereas, This change, so feelingly alluded to by Miss Cary, has finally overtaken her in the midst of her labors; therefore,

Resolved, That in her removal this Society not only mourns the loss of its first President and most gifted member, but sympathizes with all womanhood in the loss of an earnest helper and most devoted friend.

Resolved, That her exceeding kindness, her enlarged charity, her absolute unselfishness, her wonderful patience, her cordial recognition of every good word and work, endeared her inexpressibly to her friends, while her genius commanded the warmest admiration of all those capable of appreciating sweetest expression married to noblest thought.

Resolved, That her loyalty to woman and her unceasing industry, shall incite us to renewed earnestness of effort, each in our own appointed place, to hasten the time when women shall receive recognition, not only as honest and reliable workers, but as a class faithful and true to each other.

Resolved, That in presenting our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved and lonely sister, we add the loving hope that even as the shadows have been swept from the bright upward pathway of the departed spirit, they may also be dispelled from her sorrowing heart by an abiding faith in that love which ordereth all things well

—Alice Carey's powerful serial entitled the "Born Thrall," which was begun over a year ago in THE REVOLUTION, and discontinued only when increasing weakness made stated literary work impossible for the writer, was never finished. It must take its place along with the mystery of Edwin Drood, and other pathetic fragments which the world cherishes as sacred mementoes of those it has loved and lost.

PROBLEMS FOR TEN THOUSAND WOMEN.

BY MRS. .H C. SPENCER.

Desiring to sit at the feet of the gentle women who "shrink from the notoriety of the public eye" and learn from them, we ask them, in all simplicity, the following questions, trusting that a regard for their own "peace and happiness," which they charge us with having placed in "grave peril," will lead them to give us answers good and true:

Dear ladies, are you "the working women of this country?" and if you are not, how can you understand their trials, their wants or their wrongs, or judge intelligently of the proper remedy?

Have you traveled through the land, visited the homes, and ascertained to a certainty that you "represent the sober convictions of the majority of the women of the country?"

Does the petition of 100,000 women of America, asking for the privileges and immunities of citizenship, indicate only "exceptional discontent?"

Having the confidence you claim to have in the wisdom and integrity of the honorable legislators to whom you appealed against our petition, do you think it discreet or right to bring your personal influence to bear upon them to prevent their deciding a constitutional question upon its merits?

In showing that these rulers need your assistance upon the floor of the Senate to avert "grave danger to the general order of the country," and that you are willing to render it, have you not proven more than you meant? Did you not know that you were helping the one hundred thousand more, with your protest against them, than you could by being silent a thousand years? Following the teachings of Holy Scripture, are you "keepers at home?" Do you "adorn yourselves with modest apparel—not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array?" Did you know that St. Paul's grave warnings were addressed to fashionable women, and not to those who ask for citizenship?

Is there an office in the gift of the people that would bring a woman more conspicuously before the public eye than women already are, who give and attend receptions and concerts, conduct fairs, preside at tables, solicit strange men for votes, urge them to take chances, or even come in contact with them in riding upon the street cars, walking on the public promenade, or, as many women are compelled to do, jostling against them, and dealing with them in crowded markets while buying provisions for their families?

Is our President any more the property of the people than our President's wife, when every young man who reports for the press may fearlessly reveal to the public the secrets of her dressing-room?

Do you watch anxiously for your own names, morning after morning, in the most conspicuous columns of the daily press, to see whether the minutest article of the dress you wore the previous evening is properly described; and don't you sometimes wonder that such a faithful record is kept of what you wear, and that nobody seems to remember anything you say?

Can it enter into your delicate minds to conceive that the ladies who find in the same column their names held up to ridicule and contempt; their language and sentiments misrepresented; their aims misunderstood; their reputation wantonly attacked, yet who stand, year after year, in simple traveling dress, before large audiences, steadfastly maintaining the justice, and profoundly believing in the ultimate triumph of their cause, may be as sensitive, as highly bred, as finely organized as you?

If they were not inspired by a noble purpose, reaching far beyond all personal considerations, could they bear so much and bear it so patiently?

If they sought only the admiration of the multitude, would they not take your own easy way to win it?

We won't believe it without your assurance; but do tell us whether any of your number are among those whose "snowy shoulders, rounded arms, lustrious eyes and powdered hair, made more dazzling by the glimmer of satin and the glitter of jewels, ravish the senses" of the young men who are paid to serve up this display of charms in the newspapers for the public breakfast on Sunday morning?

Are you among those who answer the "demands of society," as described by one of your own number, receiving from three hundred to six hundred calls per week; on reception days entering the carriage at noon; on other days, after a late breakfast and an elaborate toilette, transforming themselves into machines, shedding cards or dropping calls wherever the public may direct; calling persistently until dusk; then proceeding, without resting a moment to change the visiting for the dinner dress, attending a dinner party at 7 o'clock; leaving the dinner (?) at 9, and having one or more engagements for the evening?

All this being rendered "imperative by the force of public opinion here," how much time do you find for the sweet retirement of home, the companionship of husbands, and the care of children?

Who hears the little ones put up their evening prayer, and does the "God bless papa and mamma" reach the ears of the gay revellers at the dinner party?

Is it a "grave peril" which threatens to transform such lives as these into lives of uses to the home and to the State?

Would such a change "introduce a fruitful element of discord into the marriage relation, tend to the infinite detriment of children, and increase the already alarming prevalence of divorce throughout the land?"

Do any of your number attend watering places every summer, appearing at hotels in gorgeous toilettes for the admiration of the multitude, and do you sit in judgment upon women who leave their homes now and then to attend a convention held, as they honestly believe, for the good of their sister women, their families and their country?

Did you ever hear of one of these ladies who hold or attend conventions, chartering a locomotive and car to carry her wardrobe, as did "Kentucky's fairest daughter," a few evening's since, in her desperate determination to reach the Middies' Ball at Annapolis, where, "at the witching hour of midnight, the witching belle appeared, sweeping in like a queen amid her worshippers?"

—Sensible—The Baltimore *Sun* suggests, in reference to St. Valentine's day, that it be made an annual period for returning borrowed books and papers.

ONE WOMAN'S WRONGS.

BY MARY B.

Being present last summer at the defeat of the "Woman's Property Bill" in Connecticut my heart was pained at the injustice done woman in this one particular, and my desire for a change has led me to ask a place in your columns. I thought of *one* woman that has suffered from unjust laws which I will endeavor to state as briefly and clearly as possible. She was the younger of six sisters, and was petted and caressed by fond parents. At the age of eighteeen she was married, finding herself "married, not mated." Children were born and buried until she had become the mother of eight children. Her father dying soon after her marriage, she came into possession of six hundred thousand dollars, intrusted to the husband's care. His jealousies and brutal treatment destroyed all the love she possessed for him, until after twenty-three years of a life of misery in such a union they were divorced. Unjust judgment through political chicanery doomed her to a life of sorrow and poverty, and separation from her children. Her property was left remaining in the hands of the husband. The Court settled no alimony upon her, and she subsequently commenced a suit for the recovery of her property. He, in offset to this claim, presented a bill against her for her support, "dry goods bills, traveling expenses, etc.," nearly or quite covering her claim. She remains in complete separation from her children, and he is again married, and has settled on this first wife the sum of five hundred dollers per annum for twelve years, which she now receives. If this case, coming as it did under my notice, is not sufficient to rouse the women of Connecticut to a sense of their rights they surely must be different from myself. Let no woman argue that she is sufficiently represented by her husband in this matter, lest some day she find herself homeless and penniless upon the world, while an unjust law robs her of both property and children.

Book Table.

POEMS, by Augusta Cooper Bristol, Boston: Adams & Co., 1871.

Mrs. Bristol, already well known as a magazine writer, will doubtless find an appreciative audience for the expressions of feeling and fancy contained in this little volume. Subjective poems that anatomatize the emotions of the writer's mind do not, as a rule, meet with great favor in this realistic age, and although Mrs. Bristol's poems unquestionably belong to this class; they also evince a fine faith in progress and humanity, and ring out, not unmusically, some of the great truths of the day. It appears to us that careful revision would improve the book. Where does Mrs. Bristol find such words as "rootage" and "proclamate," and "inspirate." Some of these poems move with a sweet and tender melody which leads us to believe that Mrs. Bristol's forte is not the elaboration of mystical or philosophical verses, but simple, descriptive efforts, illumined by a finely sympathetic nature. We quote from one of this class almost at random:

"Upon the Southern porch I sit
And smile to see the summer come;
I cannot count the wings that flit,
Or bees that hum.

I watch the July blossom turn
Its sweet heart-centre to the light,
The sun wrought secret, in its urn,
Revealed to sight.

I hear the drip of woodland springs.
Where the wild roses lean across,
To mingle fragrant whisperings
Above the moss.

I feel the fingers of the breeze,
Caressingly my hair entwine,
And think that touches such as these
Are half divine."

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The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name thought too ungentle to represent the sex for who it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

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WOMAN'SDU TY IN THE STATE.

What is women's queenly office with respect to the State?

Generally we are under the impression that a man's duties are public and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty which is the expansion of the other, relating to the State; so a woman has a personal work or duty relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that.

Now the man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance, progress and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth is to assist in the maintenance, the advance and the defence of the State; the woman's duty as a member of the commonwealth is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

There is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and, misdirected, wrecks them. Deep rooted in the heart of man and in the heart of woman—God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke in woman the desire of power! For Heaven's sake and for man's sake, desire it all you can!

But what power? Power to destroy? Not so; power to heal, to redeem, to guide, to guard.

Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more *housewives*, but queens?

RUSKIN.

BABIES.

A great part of the children that are born now-a-days are not good, average, healthy children. They are children of deficient brain-power, of diseased nervous systems; children begotten of tobacco smoke, late hours, tight lacing, and dyspeptic stomachs. The father has put his son's brain into his meerschaum, and smoked it out; the mother has diddled and dribbled it away in balls and operas. Two young people come together, both of them in a state of half-nervous derangement. She cannot live without strong coffee; her hand trembles, and she has a sinking at her stomach when she first rises in the morning, till she has had a strong cup of coffee, when she is primed for the day. He cannot study or read, or perform any mental labor, without tobacco. Both are burning life's candle at both ends; both are wakeful and nervous, with weak muscles and vibrating nerves.

Two such persons unite in giving existence to a poor, helpless baby, who is born in a state of such a diseased nervous sensibility that all the forces of nature are a torture to it. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." What such children cry for is neither cold nor hunger, but irrepressible nervous agony—sometimes from fear, sometimes because everything in life is too strong for them, and jars on their poor, weakened nerves just as it does on those of an invalid in a low, nervous fever.

There is scarcely a man that does not use tobacco; and if a man uses tobacco, there is a constant emanation of it from his person. Now, however, he may justify the use of it himself, he can hardly think that stale tobacco effluvium is a healthy agent to be carried into the lungs of a delicate infant. Children of smoking fathers often have their brains and nervous systems entirely impregnated with the poison of nicotine in the helpless age of infancy.—*Exchange.*

—There is a Miss Harlan of Iowa, who recites Greek poetry in her sleep, though when awake she don't know Greek from Comanche.

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1m. M. HAMILTON.

WHAT ONE WOMAN HAS DONE.

LOUISIANA, Mo., Feb. 5th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I send you an extract from a letter which I have just received, hoping you may give it place in your columns. The letter is from Hannah Cooper, wife of Otis Cooper, of Croydon, New Hampshire. She is seventy-six years old this month, and the following extract is an account of what she has accomplished by labor during the last year.

"I will tell you something of my last year's work. We had nine cows, but they did not give much milk, for there was not much grass. I made eight hundred pounds of butter and raised seven calves; having the whole care of them myself. We fatted a hog and four pigs, and I took the whole care of them till the first of December, then my husband took them off my hands; I raised fifty dollars worth of poultry, besides doing my house-work; I wove and colored enough to come to one hundred and fifty-seven dollars."

I would add that though the above statement may seem like an exaggeration, it is but an average of the amount of labor Mrs. Cooper has performed yearly, since my earliest remembrance; and in the vigor of womanhood her energy was by no means confined to the department of labor, but her strength of character permeated both the social and political life around her, and one of my remembrances of her is of a circumstance which occurred in my childhood. On the day of town election, she received several votes for representative from the Democratic party. It was intended for an insult—a revenge for her political interest and influence, but that the party have ever honored themselves since by as worthy a candidate is doubtful.

Yours truly. AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

THE BATTLE HYMN.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe thus narrates the circumstances under which she composed her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic": "I was on a visit to Washington," she said, "during the first winter of the war, with Governor Andrew and other Massachusetts friends. We had been spending the day in the soldiers' camps on the Potomac, and I had heard the 'John Brown Hymn' sung and played so often that its strains were constantly sounding in my ears. As the words in use seemed an inadequate expression of the music, I wished very much for an inspiration which would provide a fitting rendition of so beautiful a theme; but it did not come, and I retired to bed. Early in the morning, before daybreak, I awoke, and my mind, in a half-dreaming state, began at once to run upon the rhythm of the 'John Brown Hymn.' Very soon the words commenced fitting themselves to its measure, and the lines spun themselves off without further effort. I said to myself, 'Now I shall lose all this unless I get it down in black and white.' I arose, groped about in the dark, collected such stationery as may be found in the room of a Washington hotel, sat down and wrote, as I frequently do, without lighting a lamp, the poem called the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.'"

—Mrs. Gen. Ames is said to have been chiefly instrumental in converting her father to woman suffrage.

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—A lady's dressmaker horrified her the other day by telling her she would "cut her body out in the course of the afternoon.

—A young lady at a party, on being asked to favor the company with "The Maiden's Prayer," went to the piano and struck up, "Mother may I go out to swim?" in a very animated manner.

—A would be school teacher in Alabama recently replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

—There is in a western state a woman so cleanly that she rubs the dirt off the fire-wood before she puts it in the stove. Another woman tries to beat this by pulling the growing beets out every morning and washing the dirt off them.

—"Pat," who is this Nilsson we hear so much speakin' about in the newspapers?" "Don't you know, Mike? What it is the ould sea-divil Nilsson, that fit the battle of the Nile tubble shure."

—A young gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, popped the question. The lady, in a frightened manner, said: "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again!"

—Mrs. Jones says: "I believe I've got the tenderest hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of 'em to fetch a pail of water but he'll burst out crying."

—Daughter: "Well, to tell the truth, I do not think much of the close of the sermon." Father: "Probably you were thinking more of the close of the congregation."

—A farmer's wife in speaking of the smartness of her son, a lad six years old, said: "He can read fluently, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat in the well, and stole old Hickley's gimlet."

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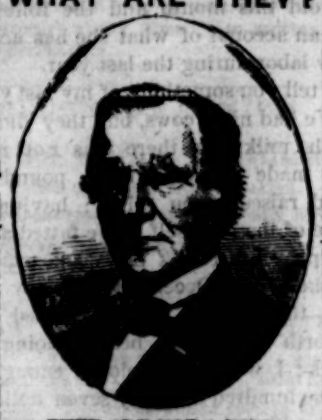

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